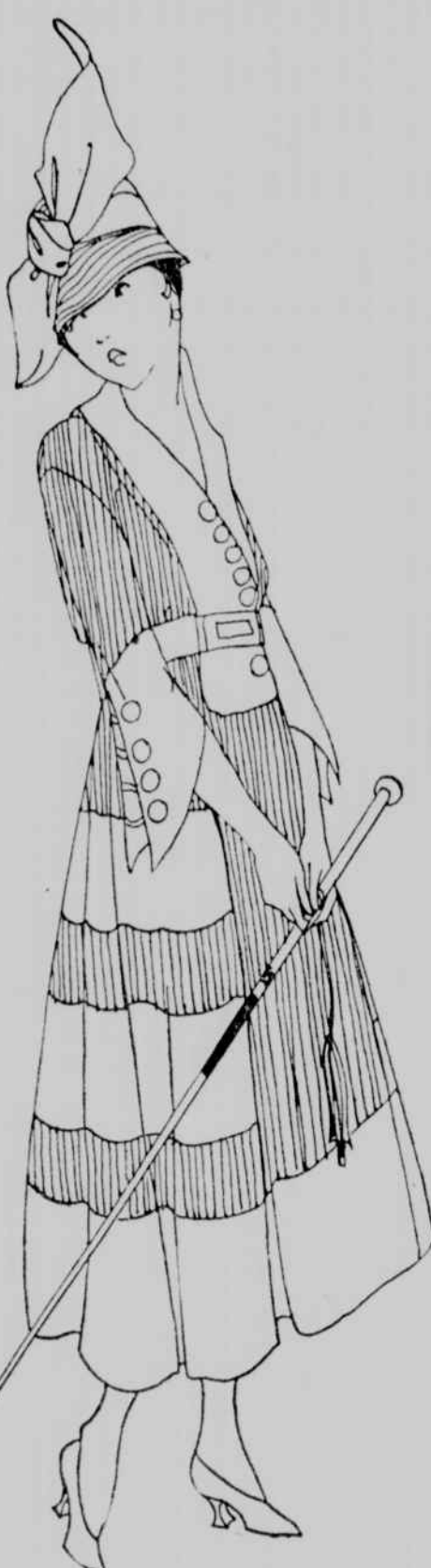


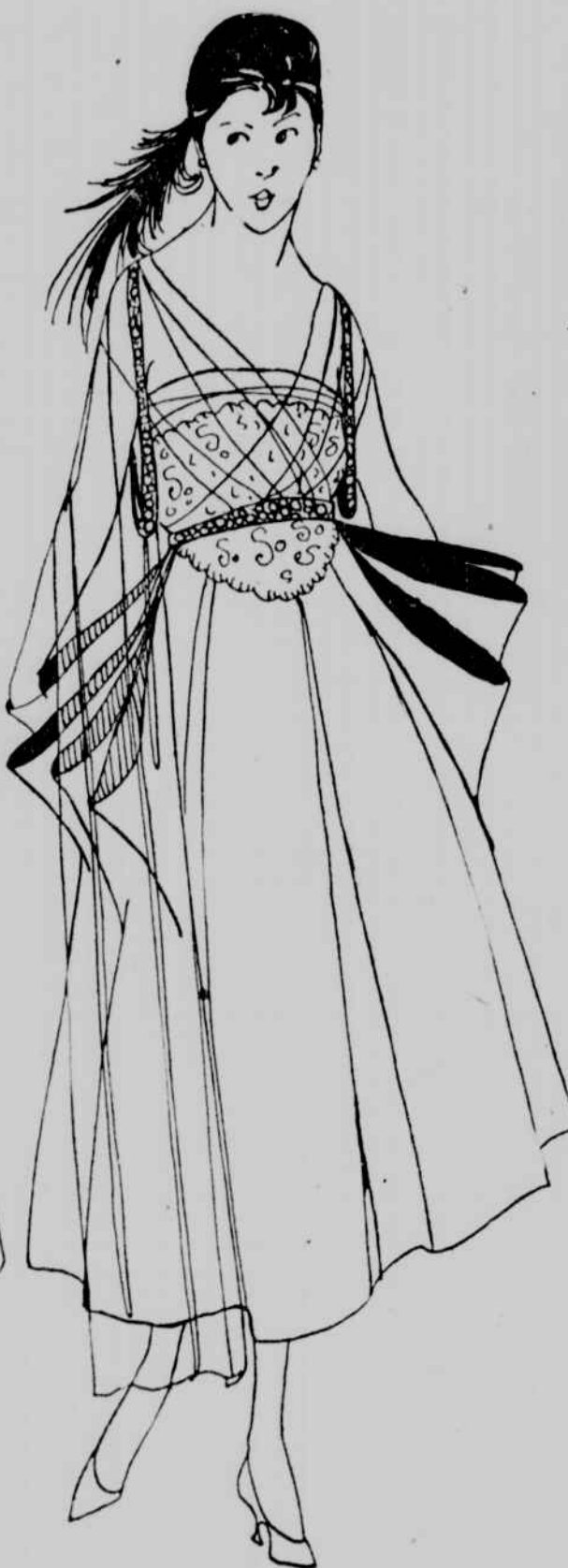
# ONE DAY'S FASHIONS WITH THE DEBUTANTE



A smart motor wrap is of white cloth velour lined with yellow and white striped and flowered satin. The high collar forms a short cape in back, which gives a chic finish to the otherwise plain back. The cuffs are wide and flaring.



To top a lemon batiste morning frock banded with white pique and trimmed with white pearl buttons on the pique vest and cuffs, she chooses a white crepe-covered helmet converted into a hat by means of a huge bow of yellow picot-edged white faille ribbon.



Lettuce green faille forms the skirt of a dance frock and tulle bodice net the bodice, which is trimmed with opalescent beading. A long end of green tulle drooping from one shoulder produces the frequently desired lack of symmetry in evening frocks.



Rows of white silk chain stitching trim the skirt of this dark blue travelling suit. Topping the suit is a dark blue crepe covered hat whose under brim is covered with white faille ribbon tucked toward and overlapping the brim.



The debutante may dance light-heartedly in a Valenciennes lace-edged skirt of white chiffon trimmed with looped bands of white satin ribbon, flower and lace finished. The bodice consists of crossed bands of satin ribbon, and the sleeve affairs are chiffon.

## How the "Bud" Spends Half Her Time Buying the Clothes and the Other Half Wearing Them.

By Mercedes Carles.

SHE awakes and looks straight at the face of a clock whose hands point to 9. The debutante knows that timepiece is reliable, because father bought it. Her faith in father's ability is unlimited; he makes the money which keeps her going. Next she remembers that she ordered breakfast for that hour, because this is a busy day—as all of her days have been since she came out in December. So she hops out of bed.

Ten minutes later she comes from her bath, wraps herself in a negligee in two contrasting layers of chiffon, hides her dishevelled locks under a bonnet-shaped boudoir cap having a lace face frill and ribbon streamers (tying beneath the chin), and helps herself liberally from the breakfast tray. Then she looks over the mail which came up with the tray and makes short work of that task. Invitations—mother's social secretary will attend to those. Appeals for charities—she scribbles several checks. Finally, a letter which causes her to get father on his office telephone and tell him that the bank says "there's something the matter with my account."

Outside the dressing room door an imperative bark warns her that the household tyrant is ready to take his morning exercise. Hastily she gets into a gray silk poplin frock, relieved by white lingerie collar and cuffs, all but covers it with a green velour coat whose rippling short cape is lemon satin lined, poses a small turban on her blond hair and starts for the park. It is a brisk but brief walk, for at 2 p. m. she is due at a luncheon, and before that hour affairs of the utmost importance must be attended to. She must spend considerable time at the boot-maker's, and drop into the milliner's shop before going to the dressmaker's to inspect the frocks, gowns, blouses and wraps which must be taken to Aiken. Since she was born she has been winding up her winters at Aiken, but this will be her first appearance there as a grown-up.

Because her town motor coat is a full length affair she dresses for the luncheon before starting for the shops in a white charmeuse one-piece dress, whose skirt is trimmed between its widely separated box pleats with bands of blue chiffon, braided with triple widths, also blue. At the sides the bodice, also outlined with braided chiffon bands, scarcely reaches to the waist line, though its front and back centres point bluntly several inches below it. Finishing the neck is a plain chiffon collar, which ripples fascinatingly and is unlike anything she remembers ever seeing on anybody else.

Overlong lingers the debutante in the mart



Ribbon in five different colors—flesh pink, coral, pale green, lavender and pale blue—forms a trellis about the crown of this Leghorn shepherdess hat for the garden parties at Aiken. The ribbons end in streamers at the back.

of shoes. She expected to order shoes, high and low, in white kid or magpie leather combinations and in African brown suede, but not until they are brought to her attention does she know how much she needs evening slippers with silver vamps and heels, velvet sides and backs.

Fortunately, that thoughtful soul, the milliner, saves the debutante's time by sending over to her dressmaker's a collection of hats to accord with the various costumes to be inspected. As soon as she sees these chapeaux she knows that a dark blue crepe-covered hat, whose white ribbon crown band has two ends falling over the back of a brim faced with white faille ribbon extended a trifle beyond its edge, is precisely the one to wear with a dark blue serge travelling suit. From the top of its broad hen to half way above the knees the circular skirt is trimmed, in braid effect, with four-row groups of white silk chain stitching. The rippling of the briefest of box jackets shows its white silk lining, while a series of oblong-set white pearl buttons and chain-stitched buttonholes simulate pockets on the single-breasted fronts. These are further ornamented with tasseled self-tabs falling from under an embroidered white batiste collar.

To top a morning frock in lemon batiste whose skirt is trimmed with broad bands of fine white pique and whose blouse has flaring pique cuffs and a vest extended several inches below the belt—the latest in waistcoats—she chooses a white crepe-covered helmet garnished with a huge bow of yellow picot-edged white faille ribbon. She cannot resist a gray straw hat with the narrowest of brims and the tallest of square crowns, heightened by a velvet chow. Nor yet a Leghorn shepherdess, whose

## Every Event from Breakfast at 9 to Supper the Next Morning Has Its Own Particular Garments, Which Are New, Expensive, Becoming and "Just Right"

novel crown garnishing is a trellis in five tones—flesh pink, coral, pale green, lavender and pale blue—of white picot-edged faille ribbon. These various lengths end at the back as long streamers.

Remembering that businesslike communication from her bank, and what father had said that morning over the telephone about over-drawing one's account, the debutante heroically resists looking at motor hats and buys a

lengthy strip of pale-toned chiffon, to whose centre is applied an oval of lace which veils the face charmingly. It is the most becoming thing of the sort she has ever found. Also it reminds her that a new motor wrap is a positive necessity, and, as though inspired, the dressmaker's tailor opportunely arrives with a coat in white (summer) cloth velour. She instantly appreciates its good points—a high collar, extended behind into a tiny cape, and a belt



A deshabille for tea in her room is of pleated lemon chiffon over flesh-colored silk trimmed with roses and lace.

Her dinner frock is of silver brocade coral faille with guimpe and sleeves of coral chiffon.



Chiffon for auto veils, yes—but, to be individual, she finds one to which is applied in the centre an oval of fine lace which just covers her face. The effect is charming.

starting under the seams of a back panel, to button rather low at front upon a flaring lower section.

A hydrangea blue mull frock has tiny clusters of roses closing its fronts from the crossing of the frill-edged self-fichu which veils the blouse to the topmost of the pair of deep ruffles which trim its wide skirt. To approve of this is easy. Nor does the debutante think twice before ordering a replica of the latest thing in lingerie frocks—so called—a white soutache embroidered white tulle veiling a pink mull slip, lace banded about the hips, and, like the hydrangea creation, having frill finished elbow sleeves.

Umbrella cheats at the sides of the hips are ultra-chic, else the knowing debutante would not approve a dance frock in lettuce green faille whose beaded lace bodice is veiled with tulle, lightly trimmed with narrow bands of opalescent beading. In that evening costume she expects to appear not only grown up but sophisticated, whereas she will seem a mere sprite in a creation whose Valenciennes edged white chiffon skirt is overlapped by bands of white satin ribbon, looped under at differing lengths, to form points level with the knees at front, back and sides. Each loose-falling ribbon is finished with lace edging and tiny garlands of flowers. The bands start from the belt line beneath a bodice in crossed white satin sash ribbon, whose shoulder straps, repeating the skirt's garnishing, top white chiffon sleeves of the briefest order.

Even if the debutante is a bit hazy about the career of Manon Lescaut, she knows positively that she has a fetching wrap bearing that name. The cloak, in sage blue faille, quaintly patterned with pink and yellow large roses, is

## Hats Are Very Important, and There Must Be Plenty of Shoes for the Various Costumes of the Day.

long, straight cut, and several inches from its top is gathered under a ribbon ending at back centre as a big bow. Consequently, the material above it forms a high-standing frill—most becoming of collars.

A half dozen blouses in white handkerchief linen, some of which are dotted with color and white scallop-edged, please the debutante. One model, buttoning down the back and pretending to lace partly down the front, seems exceptionally high priced to the youthful shopper. She says as much to the dressmaker, the while she powders her nose and straightens her hat before hastening on to the luncheon.

She gets away from that collation in time to go home and dress for the first fashionable wedding of the season. In fact, she enters St. Thomas's five minutes before the bridal party, and looks like a Spanish picture, in a Goya frock of black chiffon, brightened, however, by steel embroideries. Three rows of that trimming shorten the apparent length of the full skirt between hips and knees; two rows, starting low on the bodice's front, cross the shoulders, and a single row is on each typically Spanish full sleeve gathered to a narrow wrist cuff. Moreover, there are a big red rose at the belt, a black satin-faced sombrero carrying a steel-headed motif at the crown's left front and short-vamped, high-heeled black faille shoes.

Under that chiffon gown is worn black satin lingerie—trousers, chemise and princess slip. She also has slips in both silver and gold cloth to wear under any of her gauzy frocks, thus creating a variety of costumes.

The debutante cuts out the bride's reception, preferring to devote her time to leaving cards at a half dozen houses on her way home to have tea. She has the cheering beverage in her own room, after discarding the black Goya gown for a short deshabille of pleated lemon chiffon imposed upon flesh silk, garnished with rose clusters and partly veiled by an elbow sleeved, loose jacket, narrowly edged with fox. To call this negligee a tea gown would be a faux pas, for the debutante does not wear one.

Nor does she lounge for long. As the clock indicates 6 she begins to put on an informal dinner frock of silver brocade coral faille designed by Drecol, whose bodice, of the new sharply pointed order, has sleeves and a guimpe in coral chiffon, taffeta piped.

Mother is engaged for an auction bridge dinner, so father amiably chaperons his daughter's theatre party, afterward taking it to an exclusive restaurant for supper and dancing and says "Good night," to the debutante just as her reliable clock is striking 3 a. m.

She isn't actually tired, but she may as well go to bed.